

Time Flies

GBH

I'd rather be an hour early than one second late
I'd sooner sit and read a book at the departure gate
Time flies like a broken man looking for his grave
Happy to be hungry and free than a well-fed slave

Time flies time flies time flies
Times flies then it drags
It will peak then it sags
Time flies then it stops
Watch me watch the clock

Make a plan it's easy and worth it when you're done
You know that face it haunts you hands don't stop for no one
I just can't sit at home burning all my bridges
I have got to get out there and scratch the part that itches

Waiting for a new disaster things been going to well
Either a last mad dash or hours to kill
It's a race you cannot win, accept and understand
In a desert full of hope you lose a grain of sand